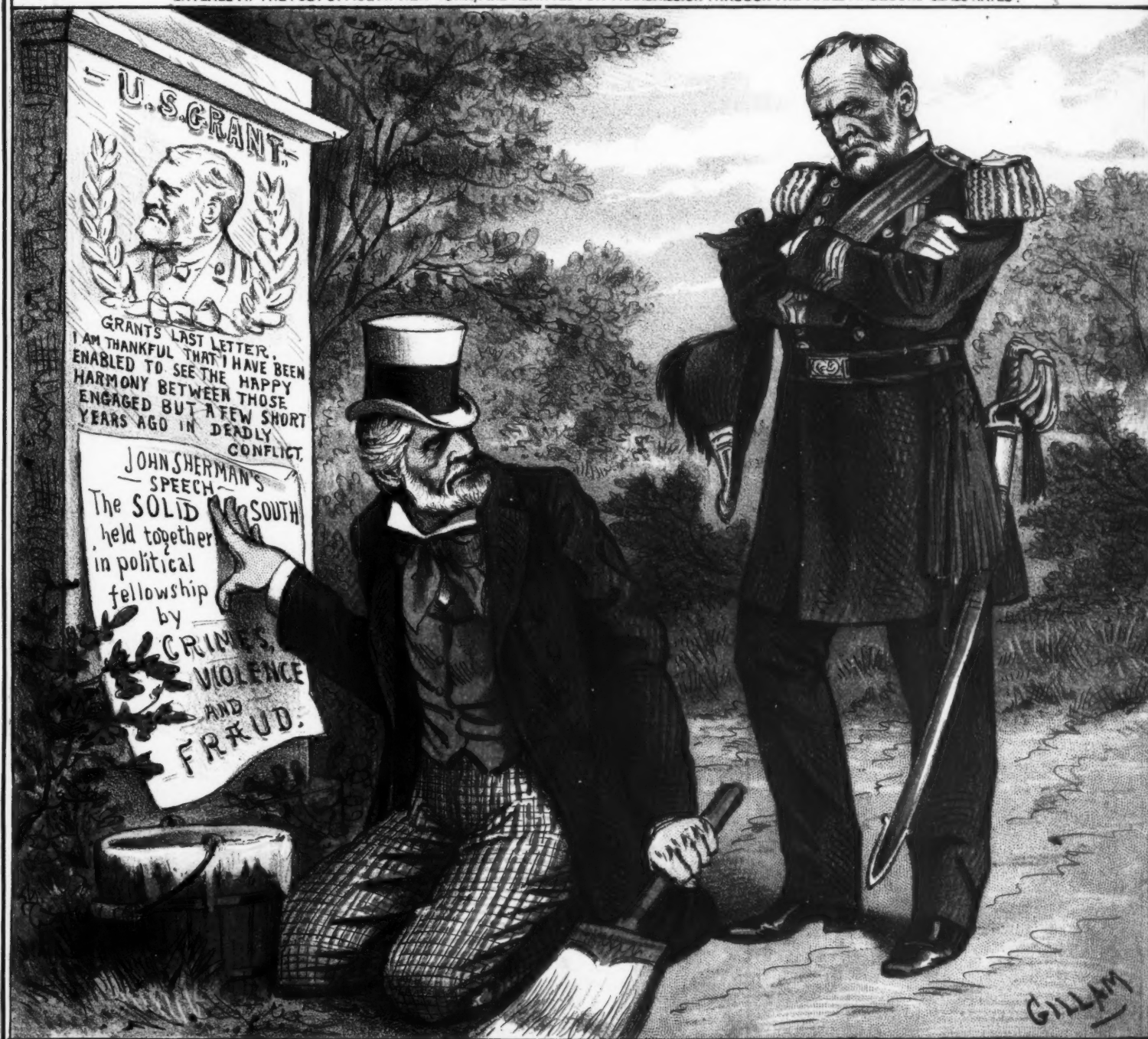


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"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



THE PATRIOT AND THE POLITICIAN.

GENERAL SHERMAN.—"Brother, brother! This is bad business for a man who loves his country!"

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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The INDEX TO VOLUME XVII. is now ready, and can be had on application at this office, without charge, or will be mailed to any address gratis.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The function of this department is to go in double harness with the cartoons of PUCK, if we may put it in that sporting light. Our "comments" are made to elucidate the situation which suggests our cartoons, rather than to explain or to adorn the cartoons themselves. But this week, for the first time in his experience, the commentator finds himself in the presence of a cartoon whose extraordinary and comprehensive character necessitates a radical alteration in his methods of comment. He finds himself reduced to the position of a mere showman, as it were; one whose duty is simply to take his wand in hand and point out the beauties of a picture in which the Hand of Genius speaks for itself.

We will pass over the trifling oddity of the Hand of Genius speaking for itself. Hands do not often burst into fluent discourse; but on an occasion like this it is not well to be too cruelly critical. Let those who would cavil at this figure of speech try to place themselves in the position of the awe-struck commentator as he stands before the rainbow-hued spread of chromatic glory that occupies the two middle pages of this week's PUCK. Dumb with reverence and startled surprise, the editor is far beyond caring whether a little of the artist's originality has slopped over into his metaphors. He knows that it is his task merely to call attention to a few of the elements that go to make up the grandest cartoon of the nineteenth century, and he will not be surprised if he is even ungrammatical before he gets through with the job.

We need not speak of the power which our artist has displayed in handling the great central theme of this magnificent conception—the Brotherhood of Man. What the Pen of Philanthropy has failed to accomplish in centuries of earnest endeavor is here effected in a few strokes of the facile crayon. If anybody has hitherto had any doubts of the Brotherhood of Man, let him, after gazing upon this cartoon, call at this office, deposit them, and receive a check with a strap to it. Yet, strongly as this fundamental idea is insisted upon, our artist has not neglected the minor points of his work. Touching lightly on the great question of Civil Service Reform, with a deft hand he presents to us a new and

striking phase of the conflict between Labor and Capital. To those whose taste inclines somewhat toward the morbidly sensational, his thrilling pictorial reference to the Preller-Maxwell murder and the shooting of Tom Davis will appeal with terrible force; while those of simpler predilections will be charmed with the delicate rusticity of the idyll rather hinted at than delineated elsewhere in the composition.

It would be impossible to say too much of the masterly handling of the subject of Tariff Revision, and we shall not say it. But we must needs pay our tribute of admiration to the power that can so ably depict with one hand the dangers arising from excessive indulgence in cigarettes, while with the other making a trenchant and caustic dash at the oilmargarine industry. And although we cannot accord the highest meed of praise to that part of the picture which deals with the humors of false teeth and artificial eyes, we can gladly and unreservedly pay homage to the cleverness of the brilliant hit at the gubernatorial aspirations of Mr. Roswell P. Flower.

Space fails us to enumerate the many strong points of this latest work of Mr. Keppler's genius. At present, three thousand miles of liquid blue intervene between the artist and the writer of these lines. When Mr. Keppler returns to New York, it will be the endeavor of the writer to make three thousand miles intervene between himself and his honored colleague, in another direction. But in the absence of the artist, he feels that it is his privilege to lay these few flowers of praise upon the altar of artistic ambition, and to mention to an interested public that the price of this issue of PUCK will be, as heretofore, only ten cents.

Gentlemen of the Republican party, when you last were at work enrolling names for your primaries, we were traitors and backsliders, and stealthy assassins, we who voted according to our convictions and against your candidate, in the last Presidential election. Gentlemen of the Democratic party, when we announced that we were going to help the President we had helped to elect, in carrying out his scheme of Civil Service Reform, we were disgruntled sore-heads, who wanted to interfere with the divine

rights of a Democratic Administration. Now, gentlemen of both parties, when you want to elect a Governor in the State of New York, we are the Independent Element, and you are very anxious to find a candidate who will appeal to our enlightened judgement. Gentlemen, a year ago this summer you both of you picked us up for fools. And then we settled matters to suit ourselves. Will you kindly observe, for your own guidance, that we are extremely likely to take the same course again in this instance?

General Grant's remark about the stay-at-home men who did not get warmed up to the war until the war was over is justified, and the case is exemplified, in the Honorable John Sherman. The hideous anachronism of Mr. Sherman's late "bloody shirt" speech at Mt. Gilead is something that we can perhaps afford to smile at; but it is none the less an insult to the memory of the dead soldier whose greatest glory was his love of peace, as well as to the popular feeling that made his funeral the occasion of a grand manifestation of harmony and friendship between North and South. Mr. John Sherman has recently been "dug up." He ought to plow himself under without unnecessary delay.

WITH golden-rod
The meadow 's shod,
And all the nodding asters nod.

Soon purple haze
Will meet our gaze,
And all the wood will wildly blaze.

The birds will fly,
For autumn 's nigh,
With county fair and pumpkin-pie.

Muskeets will wing
No more and sing
About our ears their ding-a-ling.

"My soul to-day
Is far away,"
Playing with Minnie Jones croquet.

Beside the brook
We rest and look
Over the pages of one book.

Oh, rare good luck!
What fun we pluck
Out of the lively PICKINGS FROM PUCK—
Price, twenty-five cents.

We Are With Mr. Bergh on the Turtle Question.



WE THINK THEY OUGHT TO BE MADE COMFORTABLE, SOMETHING IN THE ABOVE WAY.

MRS. MULHOOPLY'S BUDGET.



Have ye heard the nooze of th' warrd?
 Teddy has broke his arm;
 Mulready has been arristed
 Fer sindin' a false alarm
 From the fire-box, bliss the b'y!
 Me father is down wid his back,
 An' me man has a sty in his eye—
 Wid one of thim cinders that falls
 From the ilivated thrack;
 They're sayin' that coal 's goin' up;
 I've that trouble wid Mary Jane!—
 Mrs. Flynn, d'ye moind the child?—
 She 's after breakin' her head
 Wid fallin' out of a scup—
 She's that unruly an' wild
 I sometimes wish I was dead—
 The arm of me aches to kill
 Wid clippin' her over her ear—
 If it 's that she needs, she 's her fill;
 But batin' don't do her no good;
 Moike's place up there on the hill
 Was pulled of a Soonda'—oh, dear!
 An' fwat 'll his poor wife do
 Wid the iligant stock of liquor,
 An' divil a loicense to sell?
 Did I tell ye that Phelim Magoo
 Was kilt wid an 'ister-shell
 That stuck in the throat of him Choosda?
 Well, sure an' I think that's all—
 I was only a-passin' along,
 An' I thought I 'd stop in an' call,
 An' brighten ye up a bit,
 Fer I knowd ye 're not feelin' sthrong,
 An' by the same token, me dear,
 Ye 're lookin' uncommon queer.
 But I thought—av she dies to-morrow,
 It's to-day that she 'll loike to hear
 A taste of the nooze of the warrd.

LYSANDER'S MISTAKE.

Lysander Latham writes to his local paper to say that "Sears, the champion lawn-tennis player, and those other dudes that wear knee-breeches, will not attend the grand hay-pitching tournament at Hornellsville this month, as infants would be out of place among men."

So they would, Lysander, so they would, and so would hump-shouldered, creak-backed, stiff-jointed, freckled-handed, horny-fisted, brogan-footed, clumsy, awkward, boorish yokels be out of place in a lawn-tennis tournament.

This is true, Lysander, and if you don't happen to believe it, just go to a lawn-tennis tournament some day and notice how out of place you will be.

But are these lawn-tennis players infants?

What is an infant? Answer me that, Lysander, if you can.

Did you ever see a lawn-tennis player?

No? I thought not.

Well, a champion lawn-tennis player is an athlete.

What is an athlete?

An athlete, Lysander, is a slender, well-built young man, as graceful as a deer, as straight as an arrow, with muscles like iron and nerves like steel. An athlete, Lysander, could pick you up with one hand, and plow four acres of mellow

glebe with you, Lysander, while you were wondering what had struck you.

If a lawn-tennis player is an infant, Lysander, I very much fear that you were never born. If "one of those dudes that wear knee-breeches" should visit your grand hay-pitching tournament at Hornellsville, it would be a sorry day for you, Lysander, sing hey the freckled yokel that you are.

He would toss more hay in an hour than you would in a day. He would do it, too, without turning a hair or groaning a grunt. He would walk into that hay-field as lightly as a lady, as gracefully as a bird, and he would build more stacks in the course of a day than you could eat in a year, and when he got through he would look like a gentleman. He would drive the girls wild with delight, and carry off more admiring glances than all the checked-shirted peasantry you can crowd on a ten-acre lot.

Did you ever see a game of lawn-tennis, Lysander?

No? Well, I will tell you what is required of a man to excel at this sport. He must be active, light on his feet, sure with his eye, steady with his hands, and he must have a mind. It takes intellect to play lawn-tennis well, Lysander, and that is one reason why you will never be a lawn-tennis player.

I don't wonder, Lysander, that you object to knee-breeches; almost any man would who wears a number five hat and a number twelve boot, and whose leg is the same size all the way up, like a hitching-post. It takes a neat figure to wear knee-breeches to any advantage, and while your figure is very picturesque astride a plow-horse, it would look a trifle odd in a lawn-tennis costume.

No, Lysander, Mr. Sears and the other dudes will not attend your grand hay-pitching tournament at Hornellsville, not because they would be out of place, Lysander, for gentlemen are never out of place, but because that would make you feel as lonesome, Lysander, as a tub of genuine butter in a dairy.

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

A PHILADELPHIA PAPER contains the following:

"F. M. B.—You judge the young lady too harshly. She undoubtedly loves you truly, and she is right in fearing to disobey her parents. You should remember that it is the most obedient and conscientious daughters that make the best of wives."

From the above we judge that F. M. B. has been rejected by a young lady. If this is so, she did the right thing. A young man who would write to a Philadelphia editor for advice in a love affair deserves to be jilted even by a summer resort widow.

IN ORDER to possess the conditions necessary to become a peer in England, a man must be "wholly disconnected with trade or the active practice of a profession, and only such persons as have ceased to be engaged in the exercise of a remunerative vocation can be ennobled." This ought to be encouraging to the noble American workingman who goes about the country stirring up labor-strikes.

AN EXCHANGE says: "A Northwest editor declines to marry because great men's sons hardly ever amount to anything." This is the first time we ever heard that the son of a great man was editing a paper in the Northwest.

A GEORGIA MAN has a hen twenty years old caring for a large brood of little chickens of her own hatching. This would go to show that hens of that age are good for something else besides eating.

Puckerings.



THE TRAMP'S RETURN.

Back to the city, the noisy city,
 All topsy-turvy with jar and hum,
 Chanting a light and airy ditty,
 By browning meadow I slowly come.
 I leave this bright enchanting scenery,
 And leave a life that is more than sweet,
 For I strike a line for the ten-cent beanery
 On Chatham Street.

I 'll miss my bed in the cosy hay-stack,
 I 'll miss my raw turnip along the way,
 Ah me! that Fate would the flowers of May stack
 Right in my visions, and make it May.
 No maid unto me will the cast-off food chuck,
 Without a plate, or a knife or fork,
 And so I go skimming as swift as a woodchuck
 Back to New York.

No more will the bull-dog cause me bloodshed,
 And rend me sore with his mighty jaw,
 No more for a meal out behind the wood-shed
 Shall I have to steal lots of wood to saw.
 I fly to New York in my swiftest manner,
 And, as I am tough on my hardened feet,
 I 'll carry a ten-cent restaurant banner
 From street to street.

EMMA ABBOTT says that the public is very hard to please. Suppose Miss Abbott stopssing-ing, and see whether it is or not.

A PROVERB SAYS: "An untried friend is like an uncracked nut." An uncracked nut is worth more money than a cracked nut. Ergo, never try your friends.

THE REVIVALIST, Sam Jones, is slangy, chews tobacco, loves girls and is fond of fast horses. This would go to show that revivalists are pretty nearly human, after all.

THE GEORGIA Legislature proposes to tax bachelors in that state two dollars and a half a year. Too cheap. It ought to be worth more than that to be a bachelor in Georgia.

THERE is a man in Hoboken who has failed in business so many times that his friends offer odds that when he pays his debt to Nature he won't pay over twenty cents on the dollar.

"THE NEWSPAPERS of the world have just been reckoned up at about thirty-five thousand, thus giving one to every twenty-eight thousand inhabitants." This well explains the comparative scarcity of bustles.

AN ITEM in a Louisville paper reads as follows: "John Smith interferes with Richard Henry's business and is killed." Nothing makes a Kentucky man so furious as to be interrupted when he is about to take a drink.

AMONG A LIST of cooking-recipes an exchange has an item headed "Teething Babies." We have often thought that something should be done to babies of that age, but it never occurred to us to cook them.

"YOU CAN buy figs in Georgia, such as they are, for two and a half cents per dozen," observes a Boston paper. It would be interesting now to know how much you have to pay for figs such as they are not in Georgia.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY FAIRY.

One day little Jacob Lindenmeisterbaum grew weary of his toys. He had been up before breakfast—he frequently got up before breakfast—and had played until the sun began to slide down the golden west. Jakey did not weaken easily on the play; but this day, for some reason, things seemed to be wearisome and monotonous. He dropped his toys and wandered off down among the meadows, stopping here and there to pluck a daisy or a stone to throw at a cow. He was in a meditative mood, and he looked a far, far-off-his-base look out of his mild green eyes, as he wandered slowly across the green fields. Jakey was only six years old, but he had a great head.

As he wandered down the meadows he finally came to a pretty little brook. Large willow-trees stood on its banks and cast a grateful shade around. A cool breeze swept under the arches of the willows, and the waters babbled right merrily over some brickbats which had been thrown into the stream. Jakey had never been there before, but he liked it. He lay down on the ground under the big willows and peered up through their boughs at the blue sky beyond. Then he rolled over and took a look at the water. While he was doing this his glance fell upon a curious stone which was lying at the bottom of the brook. It was shaped like a five-pointed star, and had writing on it. Jakey determined to get the stone and see what was on it. He took off his shoes and stockings, and waded into the water. He picked up the stone and tried to read the inscription which was graven upon it, but could not. He rubbed his finger across the writing, when suddenly he was startled by the sound of a voice.

"Ah, there!"

Jakey looked up, and on the bank which he had just left he saw a lady. Jakey was a country boy, but he knew she was dressed in city style. She had on a dark-brown silk dress, all trimmed with rich yellow lace. The dress fitted her very closely, and showed the contour of her figure very distinctly. The sleeves especially were so tight that Jakey did not see how she could move her arms. She had a belt around her waist from which dangled a handsome cut-glass smelling-bottle, and she wore sixteen-button kid gloves and a single eye-glass. She might have been forty years old, but she was enameled and powdered and painted to make herself look much younger, and she had a coquettish fluff bang on her forehead.

"I say, young fellow," she said: "what are you doing with that stone?"

"Nothing," said Jakey.

"That's my stone, don't you know?"

"Yours?"

"Yes, that's my name written on it—Titania B. Smith. I'm a fairy, kid, that's what I am, a regular out-and-outer, right from Fairyville, and don't you forget it."

"You don't look like a fairy. Fairies wear short dresses and have wands and—and—don't wear spectacles."

"That's where you're away off, my verdant gosling. Fairies used to wear short dresses and tights and white kid slippers, and carry wands with tinfoil stars on their tops, but that was years and years ago."

"I thought fairies never grew any older."

"Well, don't they wish they didn't? Don't grow any older, eh? Well, I just wish you could see old Pari-Banou—you've read about her in the 'Arabian Nights.' Why, she's a million, if she's a day! She wears false teeth and a blond wig; but they don't hide the crow's-feet around her eyes, sonny, not for a cent. You ought to come down to our town once. I'd show you a fine lot of dizzy old fairies. Don't get old, eh? Well, now, chicken, you

A MAN WITH AN IDEA.



Barnes, who lives in the country back of Brooklyn, and who has a passion for poultry, found he could not sleep o' mornings, in consequence of the continual crowing of his pet roosters. But he hit upon the happy idea of muzzling them over night, and his morning's enjoyment is now intense.

don't suppose Time stands still for us, do you? There's my old man, Oberon; he's so old I have to whitewash him every day, or else his skin would turn yellow; and Ariel can't fly any more, because the feathers are all out of his wings. But we all try to appear young," she added, with a sigh: "even I have had to take to rouge."

"How funny!"

"Say, young fellow, come off! But, say, what did you want of me that you rubbed that stone?"

"I found it and rubbed it by accident."

"Well, now I'm here, you know, we may as well work the old racket. Three wishes—what'll you have? Take your time to think it out."

So saying, she drew a cigarette-case from her pocket, took out a cigarette, and lighting it, began to smoke. Then she sat down on the bank, and hoisting her parasol over her head, looked calmly at Jakey, who was still standing in the water holding the stone in his little hand. Jakey was puzzled. He did not know what to wish for. Suddenly a bright thought struck him, and he said:

"I wish for the casket of gold at the foot of the rainbow."

"Oh, gammon!" exclaimed the fairy: "Say, youngster, hasn't any one ever given that snap away to you yet? There isn't any casket of gold at the foot of the rainbow. If there was, some foreign nobleman would have married the rainbow long ago. Try another tack, sonny."

But Jakey was so lost in astonishment that he lost his hold of the stone, and it fell into the water with a little splash. Jakey looked for it, but could not find it again. When he looked up from his search the fairy was gone, too.

W. J. HENDERSON.

NEVER BE discouraged when obstacles place themselves in your path. Turn around and go the other way.

THE MAN who is so busy that he has no time to laugh needs a vacation.—*Chicago Ledger*. Not necessarily so. Let him buy a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK, Second Crop. For sale at all book-sellers'; twenty-five cents.

PEANUTS AND CARMELS.

A BABY HAS been born in Texas with five hands. It got them pat, we believe.

THE BOSTON *Advertiser* wants a change in the prison system—something to make a good man of a hardened criminal. Did the *Advertiser* never hear of hanging?

IT IS said that the wife of General Booth, of the Salvation Army, rules him completely. Then we suppose Mrs. Booth is the person who should properly be blamed.

"SMOKING CARRIAGES are compulsory on every English train," says an exchange that ought to know. Well, we are not surprised. Most anything is better to smoke than an English cigar.

"CALIFORNIA HAS just produced a chicken with four distinct legs." This is a marked improvement on the present style of chickens, which appear to run principally to necks and collar-bones.

A CHICAGO PAPER asks: "Are hotel men better than any one else?" Not necessarily better; but a man who keeps a hotel in Chicago ought to be richer than any one else to be adequately paid for his pains.

THE BROOK-TROUT has been transplanted to Tasmania, and judging from the stories that are told concerning catching it, we observe that it has not lost its marked characteristic of doubling its weight every rod it is carried between the brook and the summer hotel.

WHEN LIGHTNING struck the exposition building at St. Louis and extinguished all the electric-lights, while the place was crowded with people listening to the concert, the band leader rapped with his baton and struck up Meyerbeer's "Coronation March." The panic was quieted. But imagination staggers blindly in the attempt to depict what would have happened if he had sprung some Wagner on them in the dark, where they couldn't get away.

AN IMPORTANT WITNESS.

Professor Bangs, the eminent traveler and lecturer, had just returned from South America, and was called to Podunk to deliver his famous lecture on the peculiarities of that part of the world. After discoursing at length upon the manners and habits of the people who live south of the Equator, the Professor described the climate of the southern zone.

"The seasons are reversed," said he: "when we are shivering in Podunk, and wearing our thick flannels and heavy overcoats, the inhabitants of Brazil are enjoying the most delightful summer weather. When it is too warm they go into the mountains and cool off."

At this point old Deacon Briggs, who had spent one season with his son-in-law in Chicago, and was a geographical authority in the village, came in and took a seat near the tourist.

"There we have the most remarkable climate in the world," continued the Professor, glibly: "Why, in January I have sat out under the rose-trees and eaten ripe oranges. Then, tiring of the heat, I have taken a street-car and in a few minutes found myself in a grotto of ice, with the thermometer at the zero point. You seem incredulous. I will ask Deacon Briggs,

who is a man of travel, to substantiate my statement. Is it not so, Deacon?"

"Yes," replied the Deacon, who had not heard the first part of the lecture, and didn't exactly understand the subject: "Yes, the Professor is right. The year I was there the thermometer even varied more than that. You would find a hot day with the thermometer one hundred in the shade, and in an hour it would be down below the freezing point. You see," continued the Deacon: "when the lake wind shifts around, and—"

"The lake what?" interrupted the Professor.

"The lake wind, I said," returned the Deacon, with dignity: "What other winds would you expect to find in Chicago?"

A CINCINNATI HEIRESS recently married an Italian count, and brought him to this country with her. When he reached Cincinnati, he became very despondent and melancholy. Her doctor said he was home-sick, and advised her to supply him with some of the scenes of his home. She accordingly bought him a monkey and a hand-organ, and since then he has gained over forty pounds, and is training for a rowing-match.

GORE AND MOLASSES.

A GEORGIA MAN has seen a spider as big as a hickory-nut, with a face like a man of the Malay type, all the features being imitated with startling precision. We do not wish to be meddlesome, but we feel called upon to advise the Georgia man to beware. Between this sort of spider and *delirium tremens* there is only a step, so we have been told.

"AN ENGLISH electrician asserts there is no case on record of a person having been killed by lightning while asleep in bed." This is valuable. Whenever you hear it thunder, go to bed and fall asleep immediately. This beats lightning-rods for simplicity.

JUDGE TOURGEE's latest lecture is entitled "Give Us a Rest." This is another evidence of the old saying that it is very much easier to give advice than to follow it.

"THE INHABITANTS of Burmah worship idols of brass." If this is the case, Burmah offers inducements to Chicago unsurpassed by any other country in the world.

A WIDOW'S WOE, AND HOW IT DIDN'T LAST VERY LONG.

A TALE OF A TOMB-STONE.



"Yes, it is very fine; but I think if poor Alfred were alive he would be contented with the angel alone. You can sell the bust and column to some one else."



"Seems to me the angel looks too ostentatious. I guess I'll have something a little more modest."



"I'd rather have something a little smaller still, please."



"It's too big yet! One about half that size is what I want."



"Do you think I want to erect a mausoleum over anybody? I need a new seal-skin too bad to squander much money on tomb-stones!"

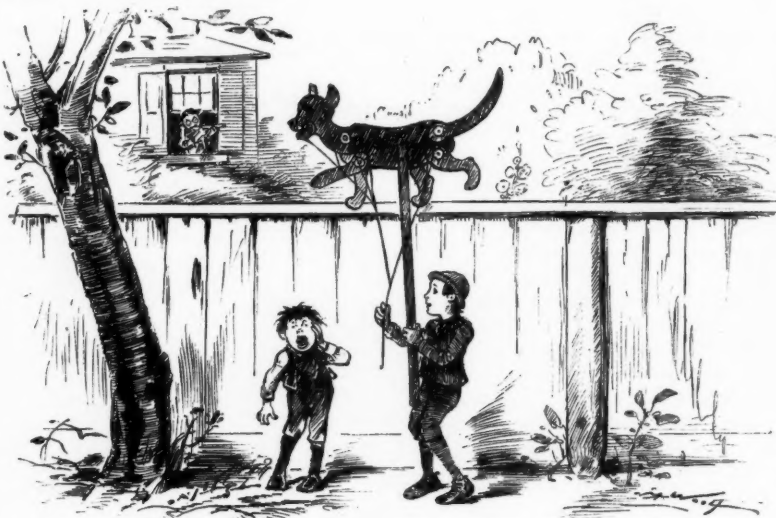


TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE.—"Stop work on tomb-stone. Have just married again, and will wait awhile and make it do for two."

FUN FOR FLATHERS.



FLATHERS (who is a trifle near-sighted, and whose pet aversion is cats).—"There's that cat again, and I could have sworn I struck it in a vital spot the last time I fired at it! (Goes for his gun again.)"



This picture shows Flathers's ingenious, good-for-nothing nephew, who is aware of his uncle's weakness, and worries him in the above manner about twice every half-hour.
N. B.—He has engaged the little ruffian on the left to do the "meowing" for him.

THE GRAVE OF JOE MILLER.

The decks of the excursion steamer *Omnibus* presented an animated yet dignified appearance as she made her way up Salt River. Her company had been made up with exclusive care, and, thanks to the expansive front which her special Police Officer had presented at the guards, not one improper, irrelevant or redundant personage had been allowed to squeeze aboard. On such an occasion it was above all important that there should be a common sympathy between each of the passengers and all the others. Her exact destination had, indeed, been kept a profound secret, and only leaked out after her Skipper, who was known for the gravity of his demeanor, had put himself so hard-a-port that he carried away a main-brace, unlimbered his tongue and sprang the leak himself.

In the meantime the Vassar Girl, the Chicago Girl, the Ballet-Girl, the Servant-Girl, the Summer Girl, the Boarding-House Mistress and the Mother-in-Law went up at the suggestion of the latter to raise a breeze and help the boat along. The Book-Agent, the Insurance Agent, the Sewing-Machine Agent, the Lightning-Rod Agent, the Dude, the Plumber, the Iceman and the Pike County Pioneer, avoiding the ladies on the hurricane-deck, had been inveigled into the Steerage by the Spring Poet, who had exhibited to them in confidence a Bottle, the only thing found in which, as it turned out, was a MS. The Sweet Singer of Michigan, having come upon the Messenger-Boy asleep on the burning deck in the broiling sun, had waked the living liar to ecstasy with a peck of peanuts, and dispatching him for the Burly Ruffian, had formed a third group, by legerdemain force. Her victims were the Barber, the Undertaker, the Connecticut Detective, George Washington's Body-Servant and the Oldest Inhabitant.

Looking cautiously for a Deadly Lee Shore to steer clear of, the Captain, who was as Honest a Man as Ever Scuttled a Ship, hugged the bank with great gallantry until he found a place to Hold Her Nozzle Ag'in. Then he held her there 'till the Last, etc., having made the voyage without any other casualty than the consumption of the Ship's Logs, which he discovered to be full of Knots, for fuel.

Awaiting their landing were a Mule, a Goat, a Back-fence Cat, a Mosquito, a Sea-Serpent and a Kansas Cyclone. Profusely strewn on

the verdant and emerald greensward were Baked Boston Sea-beans, a Church-fair Oyster, a Cucumber, Picnic Pie, Ice-cream, a Railroad Sandwich, a Boiled Lobster, a Spring-Chicken, Bald-headed Butter, some of the Salt of the Earth and a flash of the Spirit of '76.

In an adjoining grove a Rhode Island Clam was Baking. In a Well, the bottom of which no one explored for Truth's sake, for fear she should be caught lying there, hung an Old Oaken Bucket. A Hole had been erected near by, with scantling enough to build a wall around it, and an excellent Stove-pipe was standing all ready to be Put Up, or Shut Up. A Little Faded Flower grew like a Green Bay Tree in a bed of Sweet Violets, and a Gas-meter, in vigorous operation, kept up a lively fusillade by means of a Toy-pistol, which it fired every time it registered a million cubic feet. The Melodious Click of the Rollers and the Sound of the Turtle were also heard inland.

After Eating until they were Satiated, the excursionists amused themselves, each in his simple and appropriate fashion. The Mosquito's piercing soprano Soared like a Lark over the shrubbery, the fine high C tenor of the Mule Waked the Echos, the Ballet-Girl and the Oldest Inhabitant, who had been lovers in the Long Ago, Tripped it on Fantastic Toe, and the Plumber, claiming to be a "piper," and so entitled to "pay," attempted to Take up a Collection.

No sooner, however, had the Barber opened his mouth than a gloom Fell on the Entire Community, and a Sad Accident, an Awful Holocaust and a Horrible Catastrophe happened to him in rapid succession. The face of Nature appeared to frown, and a Cloud No Bigger Than a Man's Hand appeared on the larboard horizon. A Solitary Horseman was seen riding a Spanking Bay directly toward the now thoroughly startled revelers. H-g-n-s started into view on the Right and K-i-ley on the Extreme Left, and the S-ge of Gr-m-cy Park turned a hand-spring over the tree-tops. A Woodman with an Unsparing-looking axe attacked the tree under which they had been Disporting, and as the Barber, affrighted, went Up his unspouted Spout, the trunk groaned, the limbs quivered, and pattering down with Dull Thuds into their midst, the CHESTNUTS fell thick and fast on a hitherto unnoticed mound. It was the Grave of Joe Miller, and the Woodman was a Paragapher.

JOHN PAUL BOCK.

NO SHOW FOR SHAKSPERE.

The sun was shining brightly on Union Square when Harold Montgomery Boothbarratt strode into the centre of a group of actors. His ambrosial curls were disheveled, and his brow was knit as though he were about to break out into the curse of "King Lear."

"Why, Harold," said one of the actors: "I thought you had gone out West with a company to play Shaksperian plays."

"'Tis true 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true," replied Harold, not relaxing the frown upon his Phidian brow.

"You have cut your trip short, haven't you?"

"I have."

"Well, why?"

"Young man, I undertook to play 'Romeo and Juliet' in Bette City, Montana. All went merry as a marriage-bell till I was about to stab myself in the last act. When I drew the dagger, the audience burst into a roar of laughter, and a rude fellow in the front row called out:

"Hey, you tender-foot, wot are you goin' ter do?"

"I was astonished, but I replied:

"To kill myself."

"Wot," said he: "with that tooth-pick? You can't come that on this community. You take this and send yourself over the range in style."

"And he handed me up a tremendous revolver. I expostulated and explained that it was not in the play. I said they had no pistols in those days.

"Wot!" he roared: "no pistols? Then the quicker you stop this durned play an' give us a song an' dance the better."

"And *Juliet* and I had to do the 'Big Sun-flower' right there, dressed just as we were. Young man, Shakspeare's got no show out there."

SAYS THE Philadelphia *Call*: "The Afghans eat onions as we do apples." The question now arises, how does the Philadelphia *Call* eat apples?

A NEBRASKA MAN claims to have discovered, by means of a microscope, the existence of a human soul. That is about the only way most souls could be discovered.

A JERSEY MOSQUITO-TRAP.

The thing that sorely agitates the mind of every man who lives in New Jersey is the mosquito. The mosquito, especially the New Jersey mosquito, is an Ishmaelite, inasmuch as every man's hand is against him—if it doesn't miss. The mosquito is frequently a crushed tragedian—but let such unhallowed reflections pass.

The trouble about the mosquito is that it is almost impossible to keep him out, or to get rid of him. His buzz is worse than his bite. You may spend the whole day banging at the ceiling with sheets and brooms to get the mosquitos out; but by night-time there are sure to be several left to bother you until daybreak. To smash them on the wall or ceiling is still worse, as every mosquito thus destroyed is sure to leave his mark. It is also an empty scheme to burn sulphur in a room, because the effect is to drive you from the room half strangled, and leave the mosquitos in full possession.

There is an ingenious individual in a small suburban town who has struck upon a simple contrivance for the destruction of mosquitos, and it seems a shame that he doesn't give his secret to the world, or at least to New Jersey.

About a year ago he made the discovery, and came down-stairs into the bosom of his family radiant with triumphant smiles.

"What's the matter now, Ezra?" asked his wife, looking up from her fancy-work.

"I have just made something to kill mosquitos with," replied Ezra, without relaxing the smile for an instant: "it's something that any child can work, and the thing doesn't crush or mutilate the mosquito. You could kill mosquitos with it on the daintiest frescos."

His wife and daughters could picture lots of wealth in such an invention, and they agreed to go up-stairs to see the thing tested.

The invention consisted of the lid of a blacking-box, nailed on the end of a broom-stick. The blacking-box cover was filled with kerosene-oil, and the idea was to raise it gently toward the ceiling and under the mosquito. The fumes of the oil would strangle the mosquito, and cause it to fall into the blacking-box.

"Do you see that one up there?" asked the exultant head of the family.

"Yes," they all replied.

He pushed the blacking-box cover up to the ceiling very gently, and held it under an unsuspecting mosquito for a moment. Then he brought it down, and said simply:

"Look there."

They looked, and saw the mosquito dead in the oil.

"An invention like that is a fortune," remarked Laura, the eldest daughter. "They could be sold for a quarter a-piece, and we ought to get rich on New Jersey and Staten Island alone."

"There's four at one swoop," said the now delighted inventor.

"Ezra Simcox Wilson," said his wife, in a tone of authority: "you must patent that at once, before some one else thinks of it."

"You see that long line of mosquitos over there by the window?"

"Yes," they all said, on tiptoe with ecstasy.

He passed the blacking-box cover under them, and they were all captured. Mrs. Wilson was simply beside herself with joy. She danced and clapped her hands, and said:

"Well, I declare, now, Ezra, I never thought you had the brains to get up such a new-fangled sort of machine as that."

But Ezra didn't hear her, he was so busy catching mosquitos. His head felt as though it would roll off his shoulders, he was so tired looking up, and it seemed as though his arms would drop out of their sockets from holding the broom-stick in position.

"This just beats a wet towel all to pieces, doesn't it?"

"Well, I guess it does," replied the family, for by this time they would agree with him in anything he said.

"We ought to get rich on this thing; don't you think so, mother?" asked Laura.

"I should think we ought," responded the mother, all the while eyeing her husband with pride and admiration: "and I think we'll have a new carpet in the parlor this winter, and some lace curtains, and portières like the Simsons'. I guess I'll show these folk that have been putting on style that we are somebody, after all."

"Yes," said Laura: "and I want a seal-skin sacque to make that Maggie Mullins sick. Last

Even in the Humblest Walks of Life



A Keen Sense of the Fitness of Things May Sometimes be Observed.

winter, when she was wearing a recently deceased aunt's fur-lined circular, she made fun of my plush dolman, and said she wouldn't wear an imitation of seal-skin if she had to struggle through the winter on a red shawl."

"And I think we ought to have a grand piano in the parlor," suggested Edith: "and some Persian rugs. It would be so easy, you know, to take the rugs up for a German. I think we ought to have three or four Germans a winter, just for the sake of not inviting certain people. There's that Lulu Jones, the mean little hussy; she didn't invite me to her birthday party. I just guess I wouldn't put on any style if my uncle was a state's-prison keeper. And if I had such a mean, nasty little diamond in an engagement-ring as she has, I'd either wear a glove over it, or else keep my hand in my pocket."

"We'll have pie and cake and ice-cream every day for dinner," said Mrs. Wilson.

Then they all commenced talking at once. It sounded something like this:

"That Lulu Jones—Persian rugs on parlor—Nasty, mean hussy—Oil-paintings for parlor—Cottage at Newport—Surah silk dress with train—Pie for breakfast—Village-cart and pony—Box at opera—Tour of Europe next summer—Chicken-fricassée every day—Soft crabs," etc.

They were stopped in their mad cascade of words by the father, who, though a simple-minded, inoffensive, harmless man, was now actually respected and looked up to by his entire family. The first word he uttered got their strict and undivided attention. He said:

"This doesn't seem to operate on flies as well as on mosquitos. I shall now make about the hundredth attempt to catch that fly."

So he pushed the blacking-box cover up to the ceiling, to which the fly still clung in spite of the kerosene-oil.

"I can't catch that fly to save me," he said. "I shouldn't think you could," laughed his little son, who had just put in an appearance.

"Why not?" asked the father, who thought his mosquito-catcher was being made light of. "Why, because that fly stuck there has been dead ever since last summer."

There was a long loud laugh. The boy saved his life and trousers-seat by sliding down a stoop-post, the father abandoned the mosquito-catcher for that day, and the women went down-stairs and commenced measuring the rooms and windows for rugs and curtains, and selected the best spot for a grand piano, while one of them wrote to the Cunard Company's office to get their passenger-rates.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE CAREER OF MR. McCAFFERTY'S TROUSERS.

HOW THEY DESCENDED RIGHT THROUGH THE FAMILY.



"'Twas Cassidy the Tailor made them, an' whin McCafferty first put them on he had the ward crazy wid envy."



"Thin Jimmy, the oldest b'y, wore them a year or so."



"Wid a little alteration they fitted Dominick like a glove."



"Little Mickey has them now, an' there'll be enough left of them yet for the baby."



PUCK'S LE
A LITTLE MEMENTO FOUND IN OUR ARTIST'S POCKET

PUCK.



PUCK'S PALETTE.
ARTIST'S PALETTE AFTER HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.



OUR PILGRIM FATHERS AVOIDED THE WOODS.



BUT THE PRESENT FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY "TAKES TO" THEM FOR PROTECTION.

SHINBONES MAKES A SPEECH.

It was a calm and peaceful Sabbath morning. The sycamore-trees that shaded the old school-house of the African population of West Hoboken were waving gently in the afternoon breeze, while the hum of bees rose softly from the two or three ragged hollyhock bushes in the garden.

Within a silence deep as that of creation's dawn brooded. The whole school was in an attitude of attention, for Brother Shinbones Smith had been invited to address the children. On being introduced by the principal, the aged sage arose, and mopping the perspiration from his expansive brow, made a courtly bow.

"My young fr'en's an' fellah-citizens," he began: "I hain't gwine fur ter tole yo' dat dis am de proudest 'casion ob my life, 'case it hain't. De proudest time dis hyar cullud pusson ebber knowed war w'en he come back from an official wisit ter de state's-prison daown ter Trenton, an' war receibed at de depôt by a hadmirin' delergation ob his breddern. Dis hyar 'casion am de fird proudest ob my life. De second war de fust time me an' my ole woman had a rumpus, an' I done knocked her clean frough de back dooah wid a aged hambone. I'se come hyar for de puppose ob gibbin' yo' young folks a few ob de results ob a long exper'ence 'mong sinners an' Republicans.

"Tain't allus de dog wid de bigges' tail wot does de mos' waggin'. No moah am it de man wot has de bigges' mouf does de mos' talkin'. A two-dollar kitchen wench, wid a mouf no bigger'n a silber quahter, could talk de lungs out ob Senator Ebbarts.

"W'en a man am short, he weahs his coat long. Dat am a fack in nat'ral hist'ry, an' likewise in Wall Street.

"De man wot owns a fas' hoss an' a million dollahs kin git aroun' Central Park faster dan I kin; but dar's one place I kin git ter jess ez quick ez he kin, an' dat's de pooah-house.

"Doan't make up yore mind dat yo' know moah dan yore fadder till yo' git ter be older dan he is. Den yo' kin tote de ole man ter de succus, an' box his eahs fur larfin' at a clown's joke wot yo' knowed befoah he war bohn.

"Doan't monkey wid yore mudder on wash-day. Dat am de day w'en female angels lay off deir angelicness fur de time bein'. I hab knowed chillen ter lose a good deal ob deir activity by not mindin' dis advice.

"Doan't steal chickens on a moonlight night. A man kin shoot a gun jess ez well by de shin-in' ob de moon ez he kin by de light ob de sun. Wait till de cloudies' night yo' kin git; den snatch 'em silly.

"Doan't grumble an' kick all de time. Jess recommender dat a common, ord'nary, ebbery-day mule kin kick de immawtal soul out ob de mos' onhappy man dat ebbah war bohn.

"An' doan't be too durned cheeahful, neider. An ole brack tea-kettle, and nuffin' inter it but water, kin sing ez ef it nebbah knowed a minnit's trouble.

"Doan't vote widout findin' out which side am bound fur ter carry de 'lection. Dat's de side dat'll pay yo' de bigges' price.

"Ef yo' chillen 'll jess take dese hyar solid brickbats ob wisdom, an' treashah dem up in yore hearts even from de risin' up ob de sun ter de roostin' ob de chickens, yo' won't hab half so much trouble in dis hyar wuld ez de most ob us hab had. But dis hyar aged niggah, whose pocket hab been putty nigh emptied by payin' de fine ob his wife fur knockin' out Mrs. Parsimony Higgins, am willin' ter bet all dat he's got left dat not a durn ornery pickaninny ob de whul caboodle ob yo' will ebbah pay de leas' bit ob 'tention ter de ole man's toot."

And then there was another yawning chasm of silence, during which nothing was heard but the breathing of a cross-eyed pupil who had the asthma.

W. J. HENDERSON.

Answers for the Anxious.

S. T. R.—Thanks.

R. P. G.—Your muse seems to be a good girl, but freckled.

R., Buffalo.—No, young man, you can't take a rejected "Odontozene" advertising poem, cut the tooth-wash out of it, and play it off on us for a delicate idyll of love and moonlight. Not while we keep a professional poet about the establishment.

A PHANTOM OF DEAD DESPAIR.

BY ELIA WH—LER WH—X.

I wrapped the dusk around me
Like a soft luxurious robe;
The sun hung in its setting,
A fiery, gold-deep globe.
The stars' soft light fell o'er me,
In a tender sprinkling dew,
And dinted all my tresses,
That had only curled for you.

I heaved a sigh; the dewy breath
Out in the silence flew,
And, hanging on a bluebell's lips,
It dyed to red its blue.
The glimmering shimmer of the dark
Twined o'er the dusky trees,
Enwrapping all the perfumed scene
With tender-bitter ease.

Then, then methought a mystic shade
Before my vision rose,
A dark and moving phantom
That roused my blood with throes
Of desperate, awful anguish,
And agony intense —

I found it was a Thomas cat
Upon the back yard fence.

DUVVA.

THE SAFEST PLACE.

"Now, Mr. Stagg," observed Miss Simkins, archly: "we ladies are about to practise at archery—do you want to be our target?"

"I am afraid," responded that gentleman, with mock fear.

"No danger," replied the lady: "all you have to do is to stand where we aim."

"Then I suppose when you aim at my head I am to stand on it."

AN EXCHANGE speaks of "mineral wool." Let's see. That's the kind they shear from hydraulic rams, isn't it?

"I HAD TO steal, Your Honor. Food I had to have. I can't starve."

"Five years," responded the Judge, coldly: "If you can't starve, why did you have to steal food?"

FREAKS OF SOMNAMBULISTS.

The following remarkable freaks of sleep-walkers have been recently reported to me by private wire, from different parts of the country:

A Maryland boy named James Andrew Jackson Magraw, who has been kept mainly as an ornament, thinking himself much too frail to work between meals, got out of bed at two A. M. and dug ten bushels of sweet-potatoes before he awoke. His father is very much afraid it will not happen again.

John J. Smith, of Ohio, arose in a fit of somnambulism and his night-shirt, softly meandered down-stairs to the pastry-closet of the boarding-house of which he was an inmate, and ate the only huckleberry-pie therein contained. The boarders had no pie for dinner the following day, and the pastry-closet is not now left unlocked in the night-time.

The Rev. George Washington Potts, a leading colored divine of Virginia, left his bed at the hour of midnight, and whilst wrapped in sleep and a gay duster, went to the poultry-house of a neighboring farmer, and carried home nineteen of the farmer's fattest chickens. Strange to relate, when the Rev. Mr. Potts saw the chickens in his own yard the following morning he showed no surprise. His congregation do not suspect the Rev. Mr. Potts of being a somnambulist. If they did they would ask him to resign. They are prejudiced against somnambulists.

A Pennsylvania sleep-walker got up from his bed at an unseasonable hour, dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, put his horse to his carriage, drove ten miles to the home of William Henry Hardup, called Mr. Hardup out of bed, and paid him a small debt which had been standing eleven years. He then drove home and went to bed without knowing what he had done, and in the morning he remarked to his wife that his last night's rest had been the best he had enjoyed for a very long time. Mr. Hardup wants to go to the legislature to put through a bill to encourage the spread of somnambulism in his state.

Everblooming Hardshell, a confirmed colored Maryland somnambulist, strayed into a farmer's watermelon vineyard, and went about thumping the biggest melons with as much assiduity as could have been expected of him had he been awake and owned the vineyard. The farmer chanced to be watching his melons that night, and as Everblooming stooped over a large melon to ascertain if it were fit to pull, the farmer fired two loads of shot into him at short range from behind. Everblooming suddenly awoke and went home. He does not now somnambulate as frequently as he did in the heretofore.

One R. B. Haze, of Ohio, while clothed in sleep and a pair of number nine carpet slippers, went down to his wife's henery, drove an old brindle hen off her seat, and sat down upon her nest as if to incubate the eggs therein. The eggs are a total loss, and Mr. Haze now sleeps with his left great toe tied to the bed-post.

SCOTT WAY.

THE NATIVES of Stonington, Conn., assert that it has not rained in the town on the 10th of August for a hundred and one years. If they want to change this strange condition of things, let them have a St. Patrick's Day parade on August 10th, once. This never fails.

A SURPRISED EXCHANGE says: "Salida, Col., has sixteen saloons and no church." There is nothing remarkable in this. When a Colorado town has one saloon and sixteen churches, then there will be time enough to be astonished.

FARMER WHACKEM'S DUPLICITY.

The regular meeting of the Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of Small Boys was held in the Smith hay-loft last Saturday afternoon, and called to order by the President, Mr. Tommy Jones. Tommy Jones announced that the Committee on Horsewhips and Picket-Fences desired, before the present field-season began, to call the attention of the society to a matter that had occurred during the previous summer that seriously affected one of their most respected and active members, Mr. Reddy Brown, in his relations with Farmer Whackem. The matter was one, President Jones said, that called for serious attention and immediate action, and might necessitate the society's dealing very sternly with the offender. The President openly asserted that his own conviction was that Farmer Whackem had been guilty of heinous duplicity and culpable meanness, and he concluded by calling upon Reddy Brown to state the case to the society.

"Cross my heart, Mr. President and feller-members," began Reddy Brown: "I wouldn't say a word if old Whackem had only licked me; but what I'm kickin' about is the way he got hold of me. Now, Mr. President, you and all my feller-members know that any member of the society what gets caught in a fair run or by being stuck in a fence takes a whipping without yelling any louder than is necessary to make a man let up on you, and don't make any fuss about it afterward; but this time old Whackem played it on me so low down that I feel it to be my duty to warn the society against him, and to place myself on record as discountenancing such base conduct on the part of anybody.

"It was like this," continued Reddy Brown: "You, Mr. President and my feller-members, all know that Bartlett pear-tree 'way down in the far end of old Whackem's orchard, and some of us has reason to be intimately acquainted with that brindle bull-dog of his. And, Mr. President and feller-members, I depart from the thread of my narrative a moment to say that a dog with an uglier disposition, worse bow-legs, and a wider smile I never met in the course of my long experience in watermelon-patches and chestnut-groves. As I was saying, we all know that tree, and we all know that dog.

"Well, when the Committee on Apportionment made out the territorial divisions for the society last August, that pear-tree came within my territory, and I made preparations to take care of it. Now, that brindle bull-dog was of a roving nature, and was never contented to stay round the house where he belonged,

THE CITY BOARDER.



She is plump and she is fair,
And she knows just how to wear
The dress that says: "I'm city-
made," as plain as plain can be;
And she trips the country sod
With footsies neatly shod,
And she's quite as nice a pic-
ture as a man would wish to see.

As she wanders round the place,
With a smile upon her face,
The birds chirp welcome to her,
In a bright and friendly way,
And the ancient farmer grins,
And he barks his aged shins,
As he tries to do a civil bow
and keep on making hay.

But his daughter, Sairy Ann,
From the window leans to scan
The lovely metropolitan whose charms can thus beguile;
And she murmurs, with a sigh,
As she sees her passing by—
"Oh, ain't them stuck-up city girls too awful much on style!"

ABE AURDER.

but was always prying around where he wasn't wanted at the far end of the orchard. I found that the only safe method of procedure on my part was to put that dog out of the way, and so I went around a few days before the pears were ready to be picked, and gave the dog a dose of rough-on-rats. I waited until I saw him eat it, too, so as to be sure.

"Four days after that I made arrangements to gather in my harvest. I went down about four o'clock in the afternoon with a bag and climbed the tree, after first assuring myself that the dog was dead by rattling old Whackem's front gate and not hearing from him. I had only picked a few pears, when I looked down at the foot of the tree and saw that brindle bull-dog staring up at me. I never come so near doing a thing without doing it, Mr. President and feller-members, as I come to falling out of that tree.

"That dog just stood there and looked at me without stirring or saying a word, and I never saw such a wicked glare in any dog's eyes as there was in that brindle bull-dog's. Do you remember that pome in the Fourth Reader about a tramp that stopped some dudes that was going to a wedding, and held one of 'em with his glittering eye? Well, that's just what that dog reminded me of. I whistled to him and yelled at him, but he never moved. He only glared at me. I threw pears at him, but he never dodged or stirred, even when I hit him. I tell you, fellers, it was awful the way that dog stared at me and never looked away once. I could just see that he was laying plans how he would go for me when I had to come down out of the tree, and I almost died thinking of it.

"It began to get dark," continued Reddy Brown, with a shudder: "and the long and short of it was that I stayed up in that tree all night. First thing when it was light enough I looked down, and there was that bull-dog staring at me yet, and in about an hour afterward old Whackem came along with one of those nasty black-snake whips. The dog never noticed him when he came up to the tree, but only stared up at me, like he had been doing all night.

"What you doing up in that there tree?" old Whackem said to me.

"Nothing," I said.

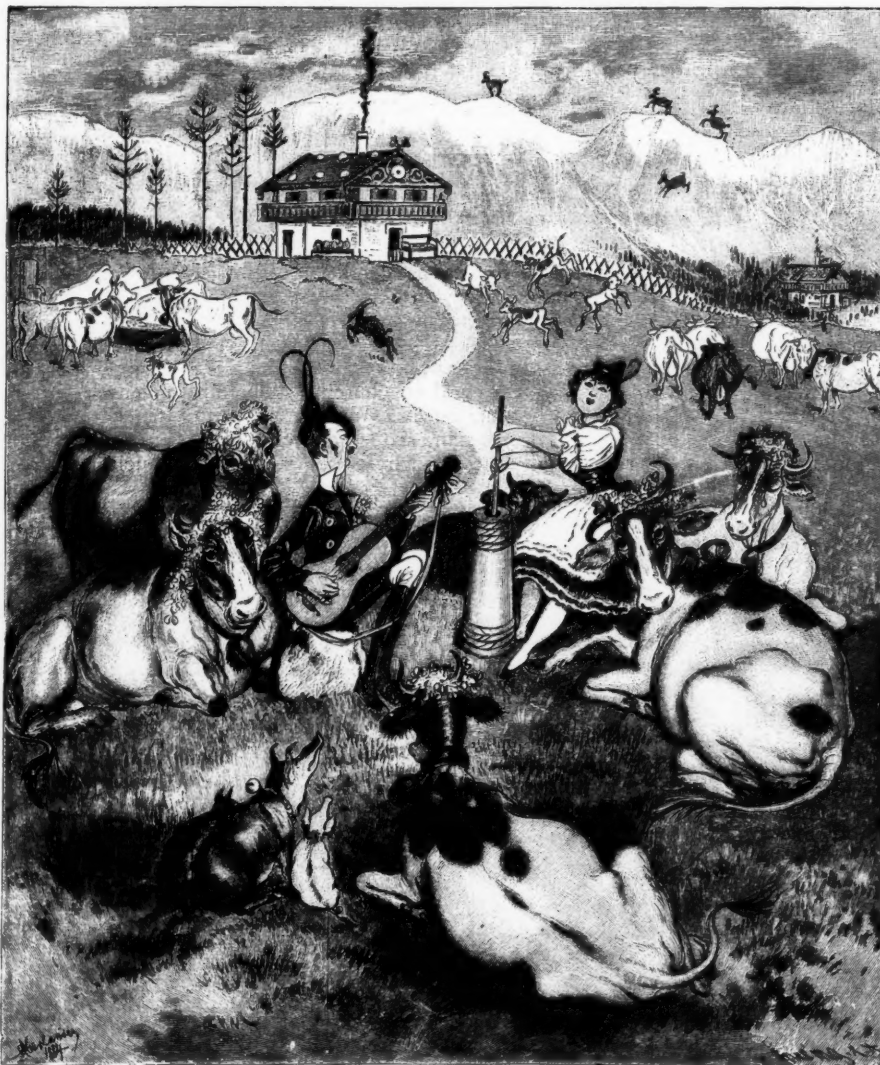
"How d'ye come to be up there, then?" he said.

"I was going along the road," I told him: "and that bull-dog chased me over the fence, and chased me up the tree. Cross my heart, he did."

"Are you sure of that?" old Whackem said, in a sneering tone.

"I hope I may die this minute if it ain't

THE LAND OF THE MERRY SWISS BOY.



A SKETCH BY A GERMAN ARTIST WHO HAS STUDIED UP A LARGE AMOUNT OF POETRY ABOUT SWITZERLAND. HE SAYS THAT THIS IS THE WAY IT OUGHT TO LOOK, IF THE POEMS ARE CORRECT.

so," I said: "I was walking along peaceful as a Methodist minister, when he went for me."

"Now, fellers, what do you suppose that man did? He just gave that dog a kick and showed me that he was dead and stuffed! You see, the dog died of the rough-on-rats, and he stuffed him, and when I went up that tree he put the dog down there and played it on me for a live one. And, Lord, how he licked me with that whip! After that, if you fellers think he's a decent associate for honest men," concluded Reddy Brown, indignantly: "I haven't got any use for any of you."

That the society coincided with Reddy Brown in his opinion of Farmer Whackem is signified by the adoption of the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, Farmer Whackem has been guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman and a Christian in his treatment of an honored member of this Society. Therefore be it

Resolved, That the said Farmer Whackem is a villain, a horse-thief of the deepest dye, and a person whose clothes do not fit; and further, in the opinion of this Society, he is capable of pasturing a goat upon the grave of his grandmother.

Resolved, That a set of these resolutions be engrossed and sent to the said Farmer Whackem, and that another copy be filed in the archives of this Society.

The society will tender Reddy Brown a complimentary banquet on the first convenient dark night.

F. MARSHALL WHITE.

JOAQUIN MILLER tells how he and Bret Harte stood at the tomb of Dickens. "His hand sought mine in silence," says Miller: "his eyes filled with tears. We had never been friends before." It is greatly to be regretted that Dickens was not alive, and standing near his own tomb, to witness this very affecting spectacle, and the cementing of a new friendship.—*Norristown Herald*.

THAT fine old-fashioned word, "discrepancy," is coming into vogue again, and is now used in Massachusetts to describe the relations of an unfortunate cashier with his accounts. The Massachusetts cashier of the future, instead of being known as a defaulter or a thief, will probably be a "discrepant" or "discrepantist."—*Exchange*.

THE President gets an average of one hundred letters a day, and is not obliged to answer one of them. Every woman's ambition to be President will be strengthened when that fact becomes generally known.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

A new paper in Kansas is called the *Thomas County Cat*. A man in the same town proposes to start a rival journal called the *Bootjack*. He expects to make a hit.—*Norristown Herald*.

MAXWELL complains of the attentions which St. Louis ladies shower

on him. After he's been there longer he may know the ropes better.—*Philadelphia News*.

AN exchange asks: "What shall we stuff onions with?" Most anything would be an improvement upon the original stuffing.—*New York Graphic*.

COURTNEY WON HIS RACE—

After using one bottle of Duffy's Malt, the great nerve, bone and muscle food. 240

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

PUCK'S ALMANAC for 1878, 15 cents.

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PICKINGS FROM PUCK,

(First Crop, Fourteenth Edition,) 25 cents.

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I LOVE the ocean great and grand,
The mighty, deep blue sea,
That heaves and swells on every hand,
But, oh! it loves not me.

For ne'er did I go out to sail
Upon its heaving breast,
But there did come a fearful gale—
You can surmise the rest.

And never did I try to lave
Myself upon the beach,
But there did come a mighty wave
And sweep me out of reach.

And fill me full of sand and brine,
And roar within my ears,
Till some one threw a safety line
And ended all my fears.

Oh, I adore the foamy sea
That gave fair Venus birth!
But, if it's all the same to thee,
You may give me the earth.

—Somerville Journal.

"MILDRED!"

"Yes, mama."

"What are you doing with that bandbox?"
The fair girl hung low her head, and a blush
mantled her rosy cheek.

"Speak, child," continued the mother, sternly:
"speak, I say. What are you doing with
that bandbox?"

Mildred Maguire looked up defiantly.

"I cannot tell a lie, mother," she said, calmly:
"I stole your bandbox to make a bustle for my
Mother Hubbard."

"Foolish girl," murmured the mother, fondly:
"Why don't you use a hogshead and go in
style?"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

PRETTY COUSIN (to young doctor).—So you
are a full-fledged doctor, are you, Tom?
Young Doctor.—Yes. I got my diploma last
week.

Pretty Cousin.—Have you any specialty?

Young Doctor.—Yes. I shall make children's
diseases a specialty.

Pretty Cousin.—Ah, yes, I see; and as you
gain experience you will be able to attend older
people. That's right, Tom; begin at the bot-
tom of your profession and work your way up.
—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, a wise man, who
ought to know, writes: "Most persons might
naturally be aware that the primary object of
drinking is to satisfy thirst." Well, that's the
first time we ever heard that theory advanced.
We always supposed it was to satisfy the fellow
who insisted upon your going in.—*Brooklyn*
Eagle.

A CINCINNATI girl has paid a hundred dol-
lars to have her portraits pasted on a leading
make of face-powders. The proprietors of the
stuff should print the legend "before using"
over the portrait, to prevent mistakes.—*Boston*
Transcript.

BISMARCK should proceed carefully in his
reputed scheme for seizing Cuba. He might
find a carpet-tack in that lump of taffy.—*Phila-*
delphia Press.

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MRS. MARY L. COMER.
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A LOVER'S COMPLIMENT.

The girl with the freckled face is now fashionable.—*Fashion Paper.*

He fondly gazed on her freckled face,
Then an arm he placed about
Her waist, and gave her a fond embrace,
And called her his pretty trout.

Into her face a red flush came,
And her eyes with tears grew dim,
As she said: "Why call me such a name?"
And she turned her back on him.

"Oh, to praise his girl is a lover's right,"
He said: "and a lover's duty,
And I called you a pretty trout to-night
Because you're a speckled beauty."

—*Boston Courier.*

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—Mrs. Mason—"It's no use, Mrs. Nason, for you to offer any of the ice-cream to my husband. He never eats ice-cream."

Mrs. Nason—"Is that so? Why, he's just like Nason, isn't he? Nason never eats cabbage."—*Somerville Journal.*

REV. DR. LEONARD, the Prohibitionist candidate in Ohio, is accused of having once drunk toast dipped in ale. The doctor denies the charge, and we believe him. No man would spoil good ale by dipping toast in it.—*Norristown Herald.*

"So you married in haste?"

"Yes, if you want to put it that way."

"And you repented at leisure?"

"No, sir. I married a widow who kept a boarding-house. I didn't have any leisure."—*Graphic.*

A MAN has been arrested in an English town for the murder of his wife and three children. It is said that a couple of St. Louis papers have already made efforts to secure him as a contributor.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE Atlanta Constitution propounds the editorial conundrum, "Does it pay to go in debt?" It certainly does. It is the getting out of debt that grinds.—*Chicago News.*

HUMBOLDT says that the kinds of monkeys most nearly resembling man are melancholy. They seem to realize how near they are to us.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

DR. TALMAGE addressed an audience at Belfast recently numbering forty thousand persons, many of whom escaped in safety.—*Philadelphia Press.*

PROFESSOR J. L. SULLIVAN is more popular in Boston than the Puritan—and he is only a whaling craft at that.—*Philadelphia Press.*

MINISTERS are all the time preaching sermons on "Why people don't go to church." That is one reason.—*Somerville Journal.*

WHEN Bulwer said there is no such word as "fail" he expected the youth to make an "assignment."—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE mugwump State and City Conventions will be held on the third of November this year.—*Philadelphia Times.*

IF Mr. Maxwell doesn't stop talking soon he won't have anything left to say on the scaffold.—*Chicago News.*

THE country is beginning to wonder who dug up John Sherman.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"HAIR TEA" is advertised. What won't they make tea of next?—*Norristown Herald.*

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"WHERE are you going, my Concord maid?"
 "Into the henceness of wherefore," she said.
 "May I go with you, my Concord maid?"
 "If you have whatness of whyness," she said.
 "What is your father, my Concord maid?"
 "He is a whichness of howness, sir," she said.
 "What is your fortune, my Concord maid?"
 "The amness of to be, sir," she said.
 "Then I sha'n't marry you, my Concord maid."
 "Go to the thenceness of therehness," she said.
 —Chicago Sun.

Two tipplers of the moonshiner variety sat on the Custom-House steps gazing gloomily at the State-House. One was an old man with a shaggy gray beard, and the other was a young fellow with tangled yellow locks and whiskers.

"I say, Unk Hank," said the young man: "reckon them fellers over thar kin stop folkses drinkin' uv ther drams?"

"Naw."

"I say, Unk Hank."

"I hears yer, Jim."

"S'posen they make it a chain-gang case ter drink drams?"

"Won't be wuth a shuck."

"Well, Unk Hank, s'posen they makes it penitentiary fur life?"

"No good, I tell yer, Jim."

Jim paused a moment, and then in a solemn tone said:

"Unk Hank, s'posen drinkin's made a hangin' offense?"

"Oh, hush yer mouth, Jim. Hangin' ain't gwine ter stop drinkin'."

"But, Unk Hank, s'posen they pizens the liquor?"

The old man looked down sternly upon the questioner, and gritting his teeth, he growled out:

"Pears ter me, Jim, you've done lost all yer sense. Ef a man wants his dram he's a-gwine ter hev it, spite er chain-gang, penitensh, hangin' an' pizen. None er that biggerty talk would skeer me. Them legislature folks may law an' law as much as they please, but men'll drink their dram long as they are topside the airth. Them's my principools, Jim."—Atlanta Constitution.

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